"BE SAFE BY TAKING CARE." See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 482 | SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see page 96.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

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In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent, during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

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August 28th, 1915.

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This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

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And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

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Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

August 28th, 1915. .....

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IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on p. 28.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 482. Week ending Saturday, August 28th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,200,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for August 14th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 37,642 and A22,148.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our Campaign.

Back from Rhyl, Llandrindod Wells, and Brighton—and just off to Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill and Buxton—Bristol, Birmingham and Nottingham. Then home to work.

1915!

We were travelling down from the North the other night, and at Preston, when the train stopped, we witnessed a little scene that made us wonder whether we really are in the year 1915. A lady passenger had been taken very seriously ill, and the conductor of the sleeping car was pleading in vain with the manageress of the refreshment room—which was open for the sale of "non-intoxicants"—for a drop of brandy! That is the whole story. What think you of it?

Our War Diary.

Out at last. What do you think of it? Any of you want your money back? We *don't* think! The little volume should become a classic.

The "British" Association.

This august body holds its annual congress early in September, and the President is to be Professor Schuster, who was born at Frankfort-on-Maine. How many other German-born *savants* will be present we know not; but last year, after the war had commenced, and the Huns had violated Belgium, we had Professors Penck, Goldstein, Walther, von Luscham, Graebuer, and Pringsheim—all, doubtless, great authorities on asphyxiating gases! Oh, our sides!

Ramsay's Quarters.

The police have at last seized the Von Ramsay's headquarters. Now, what about his *hind* quarters?

Soldiers' Funerals.

Who is the woman who is writing to relatives of soldiers killed in action, pretending that she has a son who knew the dead man and has a photograph of his funeral? Whoever she is, she is a rogue. Relatives, beware!

Uncle Sam.

Come, Uncle—haven't you had enough? Turning the other cheek is not *exactly* your way, I guess!

Those Zepps.

We venture to suggest to the Censor that a little fuller information on this subject—with a few photos—would do good. Both may be obtained from the German papers.

Insulting the King.

Every man who in these days volunteers for any kind of war service is entitled to not only the deep gratitude but also the sincere respect of the nation. And we have no patience with those stay-at-home cynics who sneer at the National Guard and similar bodies of middle-aged citizens, who give up their time to drill, trench digging and other work with a view, in case of necessity, of rendering aid to the country. To call them the "Methusaliers" and to forbid them appearing in public in their modest uniform—purchased at their own expense—often after a hard route march, is an insult to the King.

The "Classes."

Glancing over the lists of casualties the other day, we came across the following names of members of the aristocracy who had been killed:—Lord Brabourne; Earl of Annesley; Viscount Hawarden; Hon. A. Annesley; Hon. J. N. Bigge; Hon. V. D. Boscawen; Hon. J. Boyle; Hon. E. W. H. M. Brabazon; Hon. R. B. Bruce; Hon. W. A. Cecil; Lord S. D. Compton; Hon. H. Dawnay; Hon. M. C. C. F. Deane Morgan; Hon. S. Frazer; Hon. B. T. C. Freeman-Mitford; Hon. G. F. Freeman-Thomas; Lord B. C. Gordon-Lennox; Hon. J. H. F. Grenfell; Lord Guernsey; Hon. F. C. H. Hanbury-Tracy; Hon. G. E. H. Macdonald; Hon. A. H. Maitland; Hon. J. N. Manners; Hon. C. H. S. Monck; Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland; Lord C. M. Nairne; Viscount Nortland; Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M.P.; Hon. F. G. Pearson; Hon. C. E. A. Phillipps; Hon. L. G. H. L. Playfair; Hon. C. H. M. St. Clair; Hon. K. A. Stewart; Hon. E. E. M. J. Upton; Hon. A. O. W. C. Weld Forester; Lord R. Wellesley; Viscount Wendover; Hon. A. Windsor-Clive; Lord Worsley. What do you think of it? No wonder Lloyd George is mellowing!

Zeppelins: "John Bull" is the *only* paper insuring both life, limb and home.

The Trade Unionist.

A writer in the "Monthly Journal" of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers gives an imaginary dialogue between a man in khaki and a Trade Unionist, and manages to air some strange notions. He assumes that every workman has been asked to enlist, and points out that somebody must remain to keep the Unions going—or what will happen to the men after the war? It is so very obvious a fact that the skilled men are being pressed to remain at home, that it scarcely seems worth while to refer to it, but this writer goes on to hint at other things. He wishes to know if the landowner will give up land to the labourer; if the manufacturer will admit the artisan to a share in controlling the factory; if the railway magnate and mine-owner will return extra profits to the State; and if the State will "insist on the possessing class admitting the worker into a joint partnership in production and control." If not, he thinks the nation is not a "family"; if yes, then we "need not fear" the issue of the war. This is special pleading on the side of selfishness, and it is comforting to know that such views are not held generally by Trade Unionists, who are content to do their bit where it is most useful, either at home or abroad. And the country knows it—and is grateful.

Useless "Friends."

Those "Friends" of their country, the Quakers, have been giving "careful consideration" to the National Register, which is kind of them. The result of their cogitations is the issue of a circular notifying that, as the form "contains no suggestion of compulsion to do war work," they "recommend that it be signed"—which, again, is kind of them, and perhaps wise, for non-signing would have spelled trouble. However, "Friends" who "cannot participate in war" were advised to make the following declaration on the form: "I cannot conscientiously take part in military service, nor in any employment neccssitating the taking of a military oath, nor in the production of material the object of which is the taking of human life." Nice, lively, active patriots, these Friends, who will not fight for themselves or for anybody else, and will not put the powder into a cartridge for the defence of their own homes, nor will they stir a finger to aid others to do the task upon which they turn their unmanly backs. It is conscience that forbids, they say. And, as the poet very nearly said, "Their conscience doth make cowards of them all."

One of the Heroes.

A costermonger of Walworth, having been seriously wounded and consequently discharged from the Army, went back to his barrow again. In Brixton he was pulled up for causing an obstruction and taken into Court, where he explained "that he had paralysis in both legs as the result of his wounds, and he could not continuously push his barrow; he had to stop and rest." The constable said the man, whose honoured name is George Phillips, seemed to have no difficulty in pushing the barrow, "but his legs were shaking when he stood still." Mr. Biron, the Magistrate, said he would let Phillips go "this time," but he could not be allowed to obstruct the street. We say, without hesitation, that it was scandalous to charge the man at all—because "his legs were shaking." He is one of the men we call "heroes"—and he *is* a hero, and a wounded one. If he cannot be permitted to "rest now and then" when he pushes his humble barrow, there is something rotten in the police regulations. Constables should be instructed to overlook a little "loitering" by such a man, who should be cheered instead of charged; honoured and not hounded.

Workhouse Economy.

Mr. Walter Long has sent a circular letter to Boards of Guardians, preaching the gospel of economy, and the Board of Basford, Northampton, having received their copy, sat them down like men to consider it. It was promptly assumed that economy, when practised, must be achieved at the expense of the workhouse inmates, and the Chairman told admiringly of another Board that had saved £1,000 a year by varying the diet of the paupers. Such a saving as that suggests that "varying" the diet is a polite expression really meaning "docking" the diet. The Board of Basford, however, immediately appointed a committee to see whether the dietary could not be varied—or wangled—and the poor old stricken folk in the workhouse will soon, perhaps, be obliged to leave off drinking wine at dinner and put up with beer. Pheasants will be withdrawn from the *menu*, unless they be of the Billingsgate kind, and all steaks for luncheon will be of the two-eyed breed. Why not get down to skilly and war bread at once?

Asylum Saving.

Long Grove Asylum, too, is feeling the pinch of war; at least, the inmates are, for the lunch supplied to the Committee on their visits is maintained on the usual generous scale. But the inmates have been docked of their piece of seed cake. It used to form part of the last meal of the day, but that meal is now so much the poorer, and those who partake are left so much the hungrier. So they wait in joyful hope and expectation for breakfast, which they get in fifteen hours' time—bread and margarine, and a whole pint of fluid which is called tea. On Friday, too, every inmate used to receive a bun, but that has gone. Economy takes the bun.

One of the "Heads."

Dr. Lyttelton, Head Master of Eton, has been at it again. Holding forth at Overstrand, he said Britons were Pharisees, and he thought we had some responsibility for the war, because for fifty years Germany felt herself being hemmed in by methods none too creditable to other nations. Also, discord and covetousness on our part were to blame. Also, the history of England. The state of Ireland 120 years ago, the state of the working classes 60 years ago—all this called the country to repentance, and Germany was the caller. The nation is "feeble and poor," Germany is strong; therefore we must repent, and cultivate "humility"—which word, next to love, is the most beautiful word in the language! There are other words in the language, less beautiful perhaps, but even more expressive, which might with advantage be applied to this pro-German schoolmaster. But they would shock his delicate nerves.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The world is now informed, upon the authority of our brilliant naval contributor, Mr. Fred T. Jane, that it was not Mr. Winston Churchill who a year ago kept the British Grand Fleet mobilised against the contingency of war, but Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. "He it was," says Mr. Jane, "who kept the fleet together and saved us from the horrors of Belgium." Some day, perhaps, it may be possible to examine the rival claims with adequate knowledge of the inner circumstances of the case, but for the present we are inclined to suspend judgment. Personally, we never questioned the professional efficiency of Prince Louis of Battenberg, nor did we accuse him of dereliction of duty. Our demand for his supersession as First Sea Lord was based upon broad grounds of policy, wholly irrespective of personal considerations. There, for the moment, the matter must rest.

"John Bull's" Diary of the War. Now on Sale, 1s. nett.

A Patriotic (?) Proviso.

Prior to the making of the National Register, the Birmingham Canal Navigations issued a private printed form of instructions to their staff, telling them how to fill up certain sections of the registration form. In reply to the question "Profession or occupation," with its added instruction to "State fully the particular kind of work done and the material worked or dealt in (if any)," they were ordered to state simply "Canal Transport Worker." This strikes us as being an evasive answer to a very particular question. The more so since we are given to understand that the employees to whom these instructions were issued included carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, mechanics, engine drivers, etc., all of whom might reasonably be called upon to take up war work. Our headline refers to the instructions given with respect to replying to the questions in section 9, "(a) Are you skilled in any work other than that upon which you are at present employed? (b) Are you able and willing to undertake such work?" "As regards Section 9," run the company's instructions, "if any member of the Staff has any special skill that he considers might be of value to the State and is willing to place such skill at the disposal of the State, he should give the necessary information in answer to the questions, but should make it clear that *he can only undertake such work with the consent of the Canal Company.*" We emphasise this sentence for the reason that it seems to suggest that the Canal Company might conceivably refuse to release for war workmen who, on the Company's own admission, are not "employed for or under any Government Department." In short, there is a want of patriotism in the spirit of these "Private" instructions which impresses us very disagreeably.

Britain's Sins.

Among the ministers who hail the war as a judgment from Heaven, we must rank the Rev. W. Bothamley (whose name we hope the printer will spell correctly), of St. Nicholas' Church, Durham. The sins of Britain are deserving of punishment, thinks the Vicar, and he tabulates a few of them. They are: Our surrender to Romanism; our foreign policy, by which "we never risked men or money to defend the weak or to redeem a wrong"; the sale of opium in China and of gin in Nigeria; the "educational policy of the Government"; —and Welsh Disestablishment! Now, reading that, is it to be wondered at that we suffer? But there is hope for us. The Vicar does not think we shall "lose this war." And if you ask why, he will tell you. It is because, bad as we are, we are not as bad as other nations. It is a comfortable doctrine with which to wind up a sermon—but just a little reminiscent of the Pharisee.

The Spelter Spoof.

Attention is called to the anomalous position occupied by the British Government in regard to the purchase of spelter, an essential ingredient in the manufacture of munitions of war. The irony of the situation lies in the fact that, although our main supplies of the metal are derived from British sources, we are compelled to purchase it through German agencies which have obtained control of the Australian mines; with the result that the price of spelter in London has ranged from three to four times as high as in Berlin. That in the midst of a life and death struggle we should permit Germany to derive financial profit and military advantage from the exploitation of a British industry is a mystery which defies solution. The Minister of Munitions should at once exercise his statutory right to purchase the whole of the Australian spelter output at a reasonable price. Do let us be sane.

S.O.S.

Were we to open our columns to all the grievances brought to our notice with respect to the unfair distribution of war bonuses, and the entire withholding of the same in some circumstances, we should leave room for little else. But the case of the wireless operators on board merchant vessels, as we understand it, simply cries aloud for adjustment. We believe it is a fact that every steamship company of any standing is paying a war bonus to its officers and crews, but that the wireless operators, like Mother Hubbard's dog, get none. The shipping companies refuse the bonus to these young men on the ground that they are not their servants, but employees of the Marconi Company. The Marconi Company in their turn refuse to provide the gratuity because in their opinion it is up to the shipping companies to give themselves that pleasure. We understand there are two or three companies which are pleasing exceptions to the general rule, and to which, in consequence, all honour is due. But that is small satisfaction to wireless operators employed on other lines. We think some definite understanding should be come to between the companies and the Marconi Company. These young, expert operators are worthy of every consideration. To their cool courage and clear-headedness the safety of ships, passengers and crews have again and again been, and will again and again be, owed; and in certain instances not yet forgotten they have exhibited a self-sacrificing heroism not unworthy to be ranked with that shown by our soldiers in the field. Come, come, Godfrey!

Made in Austria.

Luton, where the straw hats come from, has been titivating its town hall, and re-furnishing and refurbishing the big committee room there. Everything was looking nice, including the two-dozen new armchairs, when some interfering Peter or nosy Joseph was unmannerly enough to turn one of the chairs upside down, and examine the bottom of it. And, lo and behold! there was the incriminating mark, the brazen brand—a double-headed eagle, and the words, "Mundus, Vienna, Austria. Registrierte Schultzmarke." The vile things were made in Austria! The Borough Surveyor, interrogated on the point, said he was aware of the fact, but the chairs were bought "from stock already in this country, and chairs such as those of English make would have cost half as much again." The Surveyor's explanation is not satisfactory as an excuse. The town hall of the borough of Luton is entitled to British-made goods, even if they should cost a little more—while, as regards cheapness, we will back a Wycombe chair against Vienna for quality, utility, beauty and longevity, and, in the end, the Wycombe chair will be a better bargain. There is no reason why the Mayor and Councillors of Luton should deposit the lower portion of their anatomy on the woodwork of Vienna. Let us leave it to the Army to sit on Austria.

A Brighton Note.

The Brighton postwoman has arrived. The other day she was seen dressed in a long navy blue cloak and light straw hat, trudging along with a packet of letters in one hand, and a well-filled mail bag slung jauntily over her shoulder. Brighton already has its girl railway ticket collectors and carriage cleaners, tram conductors, newspaper sellers, van drivers, etc. At the same time, there are many men incapacitated from the Army and others too old to join, who are ineffectually trying to get work. Let women be employed by all means where they can displace a man for military service, but not too indiscriminately.

Sunderland's "Swine."

Sunderland opened a playground for its children—and closed it in two days. It does not appear to be a very lovely ground; it was once a churchyard, there is a high wall round it, there are some grass, some bushes, and a dead-house in it. But it is in a poor quarter of the town, and hundreds of children, some of whom had never seen a blade of grass before, tumbled into it in riotous happiness. A Councillor, watching, spoke to a mother at the gate, and she was delighted that the children were having such a happy time. The Councillor disagreed, and he ordered the place to be closed after the second day because numbers of bushes had been stripped of their leaves and paper and rubbish were strewed about. Something of the kind might have been expected from children taken from back streets and placed in what was, to them, a paradise. They were bound to pluck at bushes, which are out of place in a children's playground. And they were pretty sure to run wild, because no grown men were admitted, and there was nobody to exercise masculine authority over them. Hence, some natural rumpus. But it scarcely justified some property owners in asking, "Why cast pearls before swine?" Because Sunderland's poor kiddies are not swine, but sturdy little rogues prone to mischief when nobody is looking—just like all children. The best plan would be to cut down those bushes and let the youngsters in once more, with permission for parents also to enter.

Skill and the Slot.

The spoil-sports are renewing their pettifogging activities in an attack on those penny-in-the-slot machines that are a welcome source of income to small shopkeepers and an incitement to adventure on platforms and other places where you wait. These enterprises in iron, commonly things of springs and balls and cups—you work the spring and move the ball into the cup, if you can—are alleged to be affairs of gambling, or a lottery, and are stigmatised as wicked, and shameful, and demoralising. Of course, they are nothing of the kind. Nor are they illegal; even the Scottish Court of Appeal has given them a clean sheet as being games of skill and not of chance, and one can scarcely expect a better character for goodliness than a fiat by six Scottish law lords. All the same, there are prosecutions impending in the larger towns, notably in Manchester and Liverpool, just because busybodies cannot keep quiet and must interfere. A smart defence in the case of a summons should secure its dismissal, for anybody who has risked a penny in one of these amusing machines must readily admit that success is not a lottery but a matter of cleverness—and practice.

Jo'burg.

Johannesburg newspapers accuse the South African Government of "stupidity in pampering rebel prisoners," and the criticism appears well-founded. De Wet and his fellow prisoners are unfairly granted privileges unknown to other offenders. They wear their own clothes, their hair is not cut; they have separate cells, and a separate quadrangle for exercise; they have four times as many letters and four times as many visitors as are usual; books and writing materials are supplied freely, instead of under stringent regulations; they can receive food, bedding, and clothing from outside; and may smoke whenever they are not in their cells. And their finger prints are not taken—though the finger-prints were taken of "rioters" who broke the windows of uninterned enemies. The South African Government handles traitors almost as gingerly as our own Government does!

Exaggeration.

Wetherby Magistrates came down very heavily on the driver of a motor charabanc, Crabtree, who was charged with going too fast and refusing to stop. A Police Superintendent estimated the pace at 25 miles an hour, but this was only an estimate and not a time accurately taken over a measured distance. Crabtree said his vehicle at top speed was incapable of travelling at more than 20 miles an hour, and that his actual speed was very much less. He did not stop, he explained, because he thought the police signals were for him to go slower. In spite of the facts that his character was good and that he had driven for three years with a clean sheet, he was fined £10 for travelling at a dangerous speed, £5 for refusing to stop, and costs £1 8s. 3d. And his licence was endorsed. The sentence seems vindictive; it may spell ruin to the young man, and such drastic punishment was altogether out of proportion to the merits, or demerits, of the case, about which there was much doubt. Consider this evidence: A witness swore "two wheels were nearly four feet off the floor (!) when the others caught the kerb and righted the conveyance. He felt sick." We do not wonder; it makes us feel bad ourselves. Measure four feet from the ground on a wall, and imagine two wheels of a charabanc that height in the air—and yet no accident!

A Magistrate's Advice.

There is a famine at Edmonton—a house famine. There are none to let, and you cannot get a house there for love or—rent. A woman appeared at Tottenham Police Court the other day, explaining that her daughter had received notice to quit, but had nowhere to go. "Your daughter is a trespasser," said Mr. Cornish, the Magistrate; "she must get out at once." Then the good woman explained about the house famine, and the good Magistrate said: "I know; but there is always the big house—the workhouse, the doors of which are always open to the homeless. I told two people who saw me this morning the same thing." Mr. Cornish confesses it is his habit to make that remark, and we are wondering if he speaks in jest or earnest. If in jest, the joke is a bad one, and unworthy of repetition; if serious, it is a pity a Magistrate knows no better than to advise worthy, respectable people to enter the workhouse, an institution abhorrent and unthinkable to decent folk who can pay their way and hold their honest heads high. Mr. Cornish must contrive to control his "wit"; it savours of gratuitous impertinence.

Suffering Seamen.

We are glad to have the assurance of Mr. Havelock Wilson, through a deputy, that the expenses of the Eastcote camp for interned German sailors were paid by the Government, and not out of the funds of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union. The grounds, which have been commandeered by the State, belong to the Union, and Mr. Wilson and his staff merely did their best to make the Teutonic tars happy and comfy. But what about the complaints we are getting from our own sailors interned in Ruhleben Camp, in Germany, where there appear to be many members of the Union who are not too well fed or treated? They tell us that a cup of tea would be a blessing, an English cigarette a gift from the gods—and add that they have written several times asking for help from the funds contributed to by themselves without result, save for a small gift of tobacco sent long ago. We commend this matter to Mr. Havelock Wilson, to the Executive of the Union, and to the many thousands of seamen and firemen whose mates have been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Huns

Our Free War Risk Insurance. 194 claims now paid.

Soldiers in Court.

Superintendent Keel, having pulled up two soldiers for overstaying leave, asked for a reward at Bradford, "on account of the vigilance of the police officer." One soldier suggested that any "reward" should go into the poor-box, but the policeman got his blood-money—two half-crowns. Then a soldier, coming from France to Ayr, was brought up because he broke his travels at Shipley. When he went to resume his journey, he was arrested at the railway station. Said the Superintendent, If the soldier were in the witness-box "he could quickly knock him down." So the soldier got into the box at once. He bitterly complained that a sealed letter for his commanding officer had been opened by the police. He broke his journey for a meal and a change of shirt, saying, "When a man has been at the front and in charges, he wants one." Then said Superintendent Keel, "That is very funny," and the soldier replied, "It isn't funny at all." The Chairman asked him when he was willing to go on to Ayr, and he said, "By the next train"; and he was discharged. We do not like the pin-pricks of Mr. Superintendent; they are irritating and not helpful. In fact, the whole process of "arresting" technical "deserters" seems undignified, and a sad waste of time. And surely that was a disgraceful case at Clerkenwell, where a man, pronounced unfit to travel, was yet carried to court, and thence to Dover—to receive his discharge!

Two Inquests.

Two inquests in Gloucestershire tell sad stories of wastage in human life. The first case, at Upton St. Leonards, concerned a young carpenter, taken ill on a Monday night, dead on Wednesday morning. His panel doctor, when summoned, did not think the case serious, and stayed away till one hour after death. Other doctors declined to attend. And the poor young fellow died of "natural causes"—syncope following gastric catarrh. The Coroner said he thought "there was an error of judgment in appreciating the seriousness of the case." His comment might have been much stronger without diverging from the truth. The second case was at Lydney. A man fell from a rick. Somebody propped him against it, and he told his employer he did not wish to be moved. Charitably they concluded he had drunk too much harvest cyder, so they put some sacks over him and left him all night. On Sunday a man got him on to a sack and rolled him into a barn. There he remained till Monday, when a doctor ordered his removal to the cottage hospital. He died on Tuesday. At the post-mortem it was found that his neck was dislocated. That is all. We have simply cited two of the short and simple annals of the poor. Underlying each story is the stern truth that a man's life seems to be of but little account to some folk.

A Concrete Comp'aint.

While the Parliamentary War Savings Committee are urging everybody to use home products and to avoid buying from foreign sources, the British Government, says the *Sanitary Record*, "are making miles of new roads for military purposes, using American-built concrete mixers for the purpose." "If concrete mixers equally as good or as reasonable in price," proceeds our contemporary, "could not be purchased in England there might be some excuse for the Government's 'foreign policy,' but road engineers state that British-made concrete mixing plants are superior in make and as low or lower in price than American plants." This is a technical matter upon which we can form no opinion, but if the facts are as stated there seems to be a flaw in the "economies" of the powers that be.

Maintenance.

Matrimonial jars supplied a curious case for the consideration of Midhurst Justices. An elderly Fernhurst couple apparently agreed to differ, and the wife left home. She came back the same evening, saw her husband, differed once more, and went away to neighbours until wisdom came to her, and she begged to be allowed to return. But the man, a carpenter, refused to let her in. So she applied for a maintenance order, her solicitor saying in Court that she was still prepared to go back. But the Bench decided that she had left of her own accord, and would grant no maintenance order. It seems cruelly wrong. The poor woman admitted her offence in departing, but she quickly repented, and was willing to make amends. Does the law, in these circumstances, permit the husband to leave her to the workhouse or to the charity of neighbours? Surely the man, evidently a decent, respectable workman, will remember that she is his wife, that she bears his name, that she has done nothing dishonourable, and that they are both getting on in years. In his heart there must be a feeling that bitterness and discord can only darken life's latter days.

Willing Ones.

A good Briton sends us some remarks upon the Special Constable who had to pay for telephone calls out of his own pocket, and points out other little pecuniary sacrifices made willingly enough in these days of stress. He is a member of the V.T.C., and paid £3 10s. for his kit. He subscribes a weekly 6d., dubs up extra for his brassard and badges, settles his own expenses on route marches, camps, etc., buys ammunition at the range, and also pays threepence a day in order to attend a recruiting meeting in the City, where he has promised his help. He cites these instances to show "that men are not joining the V.T.C. for the fun they get out of it," nor are they allowed to join if they are eligible for the Army. It is certainly a fine sign when men willingly give their time and their money in this way, gladly and with both hands. And it is what every man should do—in the Army, if he can; if not, in the next best manner.

"An Insult to Shakespeare."

A lady reader, referring to our comment on the charge of sixpence made for admission to Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, supplies an interesting account of the artful way the fee is imposed. At the entrance to the church is a notice that "a charge of 6d. is made to see Shakespeare's Tomb." "Naturally," says the lady, "you consider you can look round the church free, but as soon as you step from the porch you are requested to pay." It is hard that one anxious to do reverence at the tomb of the poet should be mulcted of sixpence for the privilege. In any event the notice, being calculated to mislead, should be rewritten. Any suspicion of a false pretence is out of place in connection with a church—especially Shakespeare's church.

A Teacher in Trouble.

Over a year ago we dealt with the case of a country schoolmaster, the victim of local oppression. The man has been forced into difficulties by the stress of circumstances and his occupation is gone. He borrowed a small sum from the Teachers' Investment Company, of Chancery Lane, and is now threatened with execution in default of payment. He appeals once more to us, and, in the hope that his home may not be broken up, we appeal in turn to the Teachers' Investment Company—if not already too late—to hold their hand as long as possible, so that the man may have a chance to pull things together. They would be doing a good action.

You cannot remember everything. "John Bull's" Diary of the War forgets nothing.

WATCH RUSSIA!

NO CAUSE FOR PANIC.—"SCRATCH A RUSSIAN."

Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold, Content, in his own land, to bide his day,
Out of whose toils not many feet of old Found the returning way.

"Watch Russia" we said last week, and "Watch Russia" we say again to-day. And if you asked us to state, in a short sentence, the reason for our advice, we would refer you to those lines above—written, we believe, by Owen Seaman, of *Punch* renown.

During the past week we have met many long faces as the news first of the fall of Warsaw, and then of Kovno—whilst for aught we know that of other fortresses has since come to hand. How little the owners of those dismal dials know of the facts—or of Russian history!

"What has Russia Done?"

This was the question actually asked of us the other day. What has Russia done! Ye gods—she has, so far, *done the fighting*. Not trench fighting, mark you, but terrific, slaughtering fighting on a thousand-mile scale. In millions she has marched and counter-marched, advanced and retreated, over vast tracts of country—so vast that you could hide the entire United Kingdom in it, with as much chance of finding it again as you would have with a needle in a haystack. She has taken great cities and fortresses, lost them and retaken them. What have they done! They have throttled Konigsberg on the Baltic, and hunted the Turks over the Caucasus; and they have been for weeks past ever extending the German lines and increasing the wastage of the German army. And they have done more; they have kept a great force away from the West. Think what would have happened if the Russians had not fought as they have done! No, the question is, what have *we* done? The war was to have seriously begun in the spring—and now it is autumn! The Dardanelles were to be forced and we were to have reinforced Russia with all necessary munitions. We had a business engagement with Russia—*and we did not keep it.* Why? Because we had not a Business Government. And yet she has succeeded in holding for months positions which the most optimistic Russian military experts thought would have had to be abandoned on the outbreak of the war. Some of the Russian regiments had one rifle for every three men—and as it dropped from the hands of one it was taken up by another! She was waiting for what we had undertaken to deliver her. Yes—let us face the truth—*we* lost Warsaw. But it will not matter in the end. Let it go. Never mind who is North and who is South. As long as the Russian army is intact, it can retreat across half the world. *Distance* is what will beat the Germans—as it beat Darius two thousand years ago; as it beat Charles of Sweden in 1709; as it beat Napoleon one hundred and three years later—*as it will beat the Kaiser one hundred and three years later still.* Remember that Russia has an area of eight and a half million square miles—seventeen times greater than that of Germany and Austria combined. Even Petrograd does not represent its "heart" as the capitals of other nations do. *And winter is coming.* Yes, watch Russia!

Scratch a Russian!

A hangman's noose is being twisted beyond the Bug for the Kaiser's neck. He may get to Petrograd, even to Moscow—pray God he may even get further inland than that. His insane ambition may take him right on into the old Siberian capital, for it is his dream to live in history as the man who achieved more than Napoleon could accomplish. There is a proverb old as the eternal hills which says, "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." And it must be borne in mind always that the Tartar is an Asiatic, and does not think or act as other men do; the Tartar strain is very strong in the Muscovite, and it was that strain that really broke the power of the mighty Corsican. Had there been no invasion of Russia prior to Waterloo, Napoleon's star would not have sunk in defeat and ignominy. But the Muscovites fought him as they are fighting William the Half-Witted and Hindenberg of the Iron Chin. History is repeating itself; *the Russians are never so dangerous as when they are rolling backwards.* The loss of a battle, a fortress, a campaign, a province or a principality—all these things mean nothing to them, for they give to-day that they may take back a double handful to-morrow. It was the moujik who beat the Corsican; the moujik will beat Hindenberg and William. Remember this incident. After he had smashed a Russian army, and overrun a province, Napoleon collected the moujiks and told them that henceforth they belonged to him and France. They glared at him and gave him the lie. He shot some of them, but the rest were adamant. Then he had one moujik branded on the left arm with the letter N. "Now," he said, "you belong to me." The moujik lifted to the conqueror's face his bloodshot eyes under his shaggy mane of hair, and then, seizing a hatchet, lopped off the left arm and let the bleeding limb fall at Napoleon's feet. "*That* is yours," he growled, "but the rest of my body and my heart belong to Holy Russia and the Tsar." And from that hour Napoleon realised what he was up against.

A Lesson from the Past.

Then began Napoleon's retreat, and as wolves come from the pine forests, so the Russians came in the wake of the flying army; night and day they harried and harassed the invaders. The awful Russian cold froze the army of France; men died as they stood on sentry-duty, turned to marble. Fingers and toes, arms and legs, noses and ears, were frozen on living bodies; life became hell, and death a boon to be craved for. Thousands became snow-blind, and wandered to certain death,

for the mo[illegible]d not spare those who had not spared the[illegible]i died like driven cattle, and of those who lived the great majority were crippled by famine and disease. *And ere long we are going to see that chapter of unmitigated horrors repeat itself. William is being drawn yard by yard into the same wolf-trap.* He knows history; knows how and why Napoleon failed—but the gods have blinded him; his vanity makes him think *he* can conquer all the obstacles which overthrew Napoleon. Disease and vanity make him believe himself a demi-god; he is a mule in the trappings of a war-horse. The spirit of the Corsican must be smiling grimly at him from the shadows. He is aiming at Petrograd. When he gets there, if the Russians permit him to get so far, he will find it a heap of smoking ruins. He will not be able to escape by sea with his army, for if the winter has not locked the waters with a key of ice, the British fleet will take care of him. That he will not make all the mistakes Napoleon made is sure; he has history to guide him; he will doubtless attempt to build a railway behind his armies, to facilitate retreat and bring up food, ammunition and clothing, for he must know the Russians will never permit him and his to live upon the country; they will make it a desert, and what a God-forsaken desert the Russian soil can be in mid-winter all travellers know. But the Cossacks will take care of any railway the Germans may build. They will scour the country by night and day, dashing in and darting out again when the work is done; they will make it impossible to maintain the long-drawn-out lines of communication, for to guard such a railway it will take three million German soldiers, and Germany has not three million men to spare for the job. In the long, dark nights, and in the driving snow storms, the hardy Cossacks can live and fight. They will raid the lines and rip them up. They will blow up bridges and culverts, and eternally delay the trains; and added to all this, Russia has a General who has never failed the country yet. His name is "General Winter," and his staff are "Colonel Snow, Colonel Frost, and Brigadier-General Cold." Winter will upset everything. Snow will choke any railway that is not constantly cleared by ploughs. Frost will buckle ill-laid, rapidly constructed lines of steel, and warp lightly built and speedily pitched up bridges, and Cold will kill and cripple all except the hardiest of the invaders. With such a General and such a staff, backed by the stubborn moujiks, and with a fine army choosing its time to strike, the ultimate conquest of Russia is the one impossible proposition in human life. *The Russian cannot be beaten upon his own soil.* Even if the Germans were to sweep the Russian army right back to the Ural Mountains, they could not for long remain in the land.

Kaiser's Coming Doom.

But William of the Woolly-Brain thinks he is stronger than Destiny, and wiser than History; and his profound egoism is leading him just where the Russians want him. At the right moment, they will break him across their knees. Ever since the Russians were disappointed by us and were beaten in East Prussia, they have been falling back with one aim and end in view, and that aim was to tempt the Germans into an invasion scheme; for every yard they advance is a yard further away from home, a yard away from that superb network of military railways of which they boast. Every mile they advance puts a mill-stone about their necks, for they have to forward vast supplies of ammunition all the way from Krupp's. This puts them in exactly the same position as the Russians under the Grand Duke were in, when invading East Prussia. The Duke found himself too far away from his base—too far away from his source of supply—and after a few big battles could not carry on for want of munitions, and had to fall back, or be enveloped and crushed. The Germans were operating within their railway zone, and could keep up their supplies, and so hammer away without ceasing. All that will be changed now; it will be Germany that will be leagues away from her base, and the Russians who will be in touch with all they require. This expedition across the Vistula is going to be a terrible epoch in Germany's history. The wolves and the kites will wax fat, and the soil of Russia will grow rich with German carcases, until the very name of Muscovy will send a shudder through the Kaiser's crushed and crumpled empire. They are marching into a world that ere long will be white with winter's mantle; the sound of their trampling feet is like the sound of the surf on a sea-girt coast; they are like a locust swarm sweeping over African veldt grass. But the end is not yet; *those millions will not come back again:* bones will bleach every mile wool-white, and babes as yet unborn will suck from mothers' breasts the memory of the awful majesty of a Russian winter; for the harvest of retribution is ripening for the avenging sickle.

Three Men Waiting.

Three great, grim, terrible men have planned this thing, and have waited as only great men can wait, for the clock to strike, whilst fools have chided them—girding at them for not wearing their hearts upon their sleeves. Lord Kitchener, General Joffre and the Grand Duke Nicholas baited this wolf-trap, and they baited it with the wisdom of men grown grey in war; they wanted those German myriads in the heart of Russia, and step by step they have lured them onward to their doom. Watch Russia. She has been hurled out of Prussia like a storm; she will come back with an earthquake crash, and Germany will deserve her fate. She has degraded war to the level of wanton murder; she has crucified chivalry, crippled human progress, dishonoured humanity, and throned infamy on high; she has loosed the forces of lust and lawlessness, and made the sanctity of home of no account; on her brazen brow she bears the brand of the beast; her hands are red with murder; her bayonets are blunted on the breasts of unarmed peasants. Poland is trailing her hair in the dust like a widowed woman, shamed and dishonoured by the contaminating touch of the ravisher; Belgium is bleeding from every vein—her people shambled or driven, like sheep without a shepherd, into homeless exile; her fields devastated, her commerce blasted, the flower of her manhood mouldering in heroic graves. But the werewolf is in the toils; the trap is closing; the Russian snows shall be the winding-sheet of the Kaiser's hosts.

Watch Russia!

THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES.

GERMANY'S NEW ENSIGN—SAILOR *versus* ASSASSIN.

By A. G. Hales.

Germany has now declared to the world in general, and to America in particular, that her naval ensign is the skull and crossbones. The Kaiser and his war council have openly and definitely pulled down the flag of honourable war, and have hoisted the black flag of piracy—not against us alone, but against the world at large. These people have done many foul things since hostilities commenced, but this is the foulest. They have not printed their declaration in ink; they have written it in blood. The sinking of the liner *Arabic*, not far from the spot where the assassination of the *Lusitania* passengers took place, was Germany's word to the world that no woman, no child, no feeble old man, is immune from murder when it suits the Kaiser to redden his hands in the blood of innocence. No tiger of the jungle is more ruthless than he; and a grim resolution should grow in the hearts of the men of our race that his deeds shall neither be forgotten nor forgiven—the Royal purple must not save the Royal neck from the hangman's rope when the day of retribution comes. All the House of Hohenzollern is rotten with disease; their tainted blood breeds maggots of murder in their brains, and the world will know no peace until the whole brood is put beyond the pale of power. William is full of blood lust; his son the Crown Prince is of similar type, but of slightly different disposition. The father strikes with savage sullenness; the son has the soul of an ape—his cheek is always illuminated with the sickly smile of a mad monkey bent upon deeds of devilment. When he is butchering peasants, his face is all evil like that of one of the gargoyles on an ancient battlement. Cunning, silly, vindictive, cruel, he revels in wanton wickedness, a worthy son of an ignoble sire. If these murders continue, and the Allied Governments do not make it plain that justice shall not be baulked in the end, we shall hear of the formation of a vendetta composed of members of families of all nations who have lost dear ones by assassination—a vendetta sworn to wipe out root and branch this mad, bad breed.

The Sinking of the "Arabic."

This was a blow full in the face for America. Dr. Wilson may answer the insult and outrage by another Note, or he may answer with shot and shell. He is in a parlous condition, for German intrigue is rampant in the United States. But this thing is sure: America will pay a terrible price for peace if this insult is swallowed, for sooner or later, after the war is over, some nation presuming upon America's tameness under German provocation will follow in the Kaiser's footsteps, and do to America as the Kaiser is now doing. Then America will *have* to fight, and she will discover that trade and commerce can be bought too dearly. The people of the United States are not afraid of the Kaiser's legions or his Navy; they have for the time lost their souls. As the ancient Israelites wandering in the desert set up a golden calf to worship it, so are the Americans doing to-day; they are crucifying honour upon a cross of contraband. If I were a preacher in the States to-day, I should pray, "God, give us back our soul."

Our Debt to the Navy.

It is terrible to think of non-combatants being butchered; but ghastly as the thought is, we must remember what is at stake. Our destiny as a people still lies to a great extent in the hands of our Navy. Our ships have to patrol the seas to prevent raids upon our coasts; they have to guard our transports filled with fine soldiers who have volunteered to cross the waters and fight for us. How vigilant our sailors have been no one knows better than our foes, for in all the war we have lost but one transport carrying troops; that loss was a grievous and a terrible one—a thousand magnificent men went down without being able to strike a blow in self-defence. Against the sinking of that ship we cannot raise a complaint; it was a fair and legitimate duel of warfare as practised by all nations. If our Navy had not been the best in the world—if it were not the best Navy the world has ever known—we should have had many similar disasters. Our hearts should go out in gratitude to the officers and men who have done, and are doing, so much for us. Troops in their thousands have poured across the ocean from far-off Australia, and have landed in the zone of war without a mishap; and the nation has had the splendid services of that lion-hearted breed on many a red field, thanks entirely to the skill of our naval men.

The Land of the Maple Leaf.

Canada has sent the pick of her sons to almost every area of war where our flag flies; they too, like the indomitable Australians, have had to cross the seas—and they crossed in security, protected by our matchless fleet. Had our bluejackets and their officers not been what they are, the sons of the Land of the Maple Leaf and Golden Fleece would not have been able to stand in the battle-line with Britain's best. From India we have had help in our time of need; dark-skinned warriors have rushed to the colours in a burst of loyalty that has amazed the world—but their loyalty would have been stillborn if it had not been that Jack Tar and his commanders are "top hole" in every department of their strenuous calling. It was they, and they alone, who made the watery highways safe for India's sons. Think of it—a year and a month of war, millions of men in arms transported wherever we wanted to place them, and only one transport sunk in the course of those gigantic movements!

No Assassins on our Decks.

Early last week, the German trawler *Gudrun* reported in Copenhagen that she had been stopped by some British men-o'-war and overhauled. The German skipper, thinking our officers were like his own countrymen, begged for time to put his crew into boats before his ship was sunk. "We're sailors, not pirates," was the curt reply; "we don't make war on unarmed men or ships." The astounded German skipper went his way, and a few days later the grateful Germans sent the peaceful *Arabic* to the bottom without so much as a warning. We still fly the Union Jack, but Germany flies the accursed skull and crossbones. It may not float from their mastheads, but it is graven on their hearts, etched in their souls by the acid brewed in the blood of their instinctive baseness. We can with confidence leave them to our sailors; none of us would like to see our sea-fighters descending to the German level, but we all know that when the opportunity comes our lads will be stern enough. True manly sentiment is their heritage, but there will be no false pity on their part in the shock of battle. We are proud of our sailors; we glory in their greatness. Only cowards and Kaisers strike defenceless men, and our sailors would not be the sons of the mothers who bore them if they soiled the bonny blue uniform by piratical acts. God send them good fortune, and an open fight; God free them from political meddlers—and our shores will be safe!

DRAW THEIR FANGS!

WANTED, A NEW CRUSADE—AND A NEW CRUSADER.

By Comyns Beaumont.

Certain outstanding features of this war have by now come home to every man Jack of us. One is that our political leaders—or, rather, let me say Party leaders—are useless and incompetent. They have proved themselves not only lacking in foresight and prescience, but when the crisis of Armageddon has caused the scales to fall from the eyes of the nation it will see that, with one or two exceptions, they have displayed about as much backbone as one expects in a jelly-fish.

The second outstanding feature is that by this time we begin to know our Hun. By whatever name he calls himself, whatever his occupation, however long he has lived here or in America, whether naturalised or legally born as a supposedly loyal subject of his liege lord King George, the Hun is always the same—yes, always the same true son of Cain, the man of blood.

The Teuton's character, indeed, provides quite an interesting little study in ethnology. Though his skin is white, his heart always remains black. Kindness cannot tame him; the hospitality which we offer to foreigners is only abused by him. He exploits us and our good nature in accordance with the dictates of his black heart. If we had realised a year ago the truth of the scriptural phrase that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin or the leopard his spots, it would have saved us a considerable amount of money and, what is much more, a very large number of priceless lives.

Now I am not penning these words to abuse the Hun. He is past abuse. It would be about as serviceable to the community as it would be to waste words on Smith, the Brides-in-the-Bath murderer. The point I wish to emphasise is that once a Hun, always a Hun. A change of environment makes no more difference to his breed than it does, say, to a savage gorilla. In a word, what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh.

The Subterranean Hun.

Very well, then. Being agreed thus far, we will proceed to the next proposition. The Hun is not merely a foul fighter, but an insidious foe, who proceeds by subterranean methods to undermine his victim. When Belgium was invaded it was found that Germans in the highest places had betrayed the State. In France and Russia the canker had eaten very deep. In America at this very moment the cynical and unscrupulous methods of the German "diplomacy" are revealed in all their ugliness. Now I will ask the question: Was Britain free from the same sinister influences? When in Russia, France, the United States, and other countries German money was laid out lavishly so that men in high positions intrigued for the Kaiser and all his works, was Britain alone free from the beastly incubus? Was she, with her democratic institutions, the country whose downfall beyond all others Germany desired, was she, I ask, to escape scatheless?

Of course she has not escaped scatheless. The day is coming when the British public will compel the political Parties to divulge the source of their subscriptions—and then there will be sensation enough, I warrant you. For many a long year German gold found its way into the coffers of the Party chests, subscribed mind you, from the highest and purest motives! One gentleman accepts, say, a baronetcy or a Privy Councillorship. Who will cavil if he pays over a fortune to the noble Party which thus honours him? Another, perhaps, has such and such a scheme dear to his heart, and his altruistic motives must not be suspect. Oh, dear no. But suppose behind all this bunkum and subterfuge, there lurks the agent of the All-Highest Hun? It requires little imagination to see what inestimable danger threatens the security of the State once this kind of bribery and corruption becomes possible.

The Party Poison.

One can see how easily a cunning emissary of the Kaiser could, if he desired, tamper with the efficiency of our Public Services. He is known, let us say, to the Party leaders as a full-fledged patriot, burning with zeal for the country of his adoption. His cheque book does not detract from his charms, and when this Pillar of his Party suggests that Mr. Schweinhund, of, let us say, the Public Record Office—not to be too explicit—would make an admirable Private Secretary to the President of the Scissors and Paste Department—well, little matters like this are not difficult to arrange.

When we realise the utter lack of business-like acumen shown by Party leaders and by the politicians as a body—not one among them spoke a word or moved a little finger to prepare us for this war—how are we to expect that they possess sufficient gumption to realise how frequently in the past they may have been duped by men who spoke fair words, but had murder in their hearts? That is the problem. It is a fact that German influence of a subterranean nature, with the intention of undermining the State, is a part and parcel of Germany's war organisation. How deep it has bitten into the vitals of Britain is a matter for some future occasion, for truth will out.

Draw Their Fangs!

The present problem is to draw their fangs before any further hurt can be done to the body politic. Every employee of the State in Government offices or in the services, of German birth or parentage, should be forced to resign. The innocent must suffer with the guilty. If there is one spy holding an executive position in a Government office, he may prove our undoing.

But how? Well, a few months ago Mr. Bottomley threatened that if the Kaiser's escutcheon were not removed from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, he would cast it down himself. Within twenty-four hours it was taken down, together with others; and I appeal to him to step into the breach. Let him be the modern Hercules who will cleanse the filth from the Augean stable. He may persuade the Government to do its duty—through these columns; he may decide to address a public gathering; or he may make a call upon Mr. Asquith in Downing Street, supported by a few hundred thousands of his followers—for in these halcyon days, when nearly every man has a vote, numbers never fail to impress a Cabinet Minister. But whatever his method may be, it would be the greatest service he has yet rendered Britain.

"What a game it is, to be sure!" has said John Bull, in alluding to Party tactics. Aye, and what a sinister game too! A game where human flesh and blood have been exploited for the glorification of politicians, a game where sordid interests have played so leading a part that there has been no time to spare for the defence of the country, and those who, like John Bull, warned the Government were voices crying in the wilderness. The deaths of thousands, and deserted hearths in hundreds of homes, is due to the Party system, nourished by the hand of Britain's enemies. It has to be ended, and the sooner the better.